

Hear me Roar

by dangerousgames87

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Summary: This is the tale of Damon Lannister, 2nd son of Jaime Lannister and Cersei Lannister. He fights to protect what's his, whether that be his family or his legacy. He has the brutality of Tywin, the smarts of Tyrion, the skill of Jaime and the passion of Cersei combined he will create a legacy that shall be known throughout the ages! - Warning the Fic is explicit 18 , I mean it!

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Hello everyone! I'm not sure if you remember me but I started the previous iteration of "Hear me Roar" but I left it to rot after two chapters.\*\***

**\*\*Bad I know, however, I merely left it because the character was female and there was only a limited amount I could do with the character.\*\***

**\*\*This time however the character is male and is the child of Cersei and Jaime, this story will contain incest, a lot of it, if you don't like that kind of stuff then you aren't going to like this story, so considering that, this story will involve sex... explicit sex, this story will also involve blood, death, rape, underage content, and pretty much everything else in the world of Game of Thrones!\*\***

**\*\*If you want a reference to what my character will look like then enlarge the picture if you're reading on or click the link below if you are on Archive of our own.\*\***

**\*\*And for those who might know the actor without having to look at a picture then the name is Alex Pettyfer with long hair.\*\***

**\*\*I would also like to say that I do not condone child abuse in any way.\*\***

**\*\*If you have an issue with what is going to happen in this story then I advise you not to read this story.\*\***

**\*\*I repeat.\*\***

**\*\*DO NOT READ THIS STORY IF YOU DO NOT LIKE THIS TYPE OF CONTENT!\*\***

**\*\*Now let's get on with the story!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Cersei<strong>

How could they say this was wrong, how could anyone say this was wrong. All her life she had thought that her brother would be the only one she could love like this but she was wrong, he had come into her life and changed it so dramatically.

She looks down and her breath hitches at the beauty of the sight below her, she looks into the eyes that are so much like her own and Jaime's that she nearly falls over the edge of pleasurable abyss, her body slams down on him over and over again, her tits bouncing viscously up and down as her cubs thick, long cock slams into her cunt, she moans loud in ecstasy that would even make the whores in Littlefinger's brothel proud.

Her cub flips her then, so he's on top of her, he grabs one of her flailing tits and squeezes it as if she was going to leave right then and there, she moans louder as he slams into her, and not too soon she reaches her climax, her body shakes and her muscles tense as she screams in pleasure, her little cub soon follows, emptying his seed into her cunt.

She pets her cub as he places his face between her breasts, still slowly pumping his hips as his climax reaches its end. He finally looks up, his eyes full of love, she bends her head down and kisses him on the lips, he moans into her mouth as her lips part and his tongue invades her mouth.

They spends a few minutes, entwined together before finally pulling away, she dresses into her attire ready to leave for the North anytime now, she notices her cub having problems with his laces and proceeds to help him.

"These blasted things are the worst" Damon mutters, making her smirk.

"Feel sorry for the women then my cub, we have so many, sometimes we can lose track," She says with a smirk.

"How long do you think we'll be up in the North, mother?" Damon asks.

"It takes about three weeks travel, we will then stay at Winterfell for another two before coming back, so in all a moon and a half two moons at most, Damon" She answers, finishing tying his laces.

"I can't wait to see it if I'm being honest, Winterfell is known for its prowess of being one of the most defendable keeps in all of

Westeros" Damon says factually, she went to reply but was interrupted by knocks on the door.

"Sister! Are you in there?" She must be late if Jaime has come to retrieve her.

"I am" She shouts back.

The door opens to reveal Jaime in his Kingsguard armour looking as handsome as ever, he smirks as he strolls in but stops short seeing Damon is also in the room.

"Ah, so this is where you've been hiding dear nephew," Jaime says smirking.

"You know me, Uncle, I'm not a fan of father's drinking and over the top boasting of her many women he's had just this morning" Damon replies.

"Well it's time to go, I trust you have everything packed, sister, nephew?" Jaime asks.

"All packed this morning" She answers, whilst Damon replies that he had packed the previous night.

"Well then let's get going then," Jaime says before turning a heading off in the other direction, with herself and Damon closely behind.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>15 Years ago.<strong>

**\*\*The Birth of Damon 'Lannister' Baratheon\*\***

"AHHHHH!" She screamed in surprise pleasure, completely blocking out the sound of that oaf Pycelle and her brother, she couldn't believe it, her little cub had given her a climax, yes there was still pain but the pleasure she had experienced outweighed it almost entirely, she had known moons before that this pregnancy was going to be different than Joffrey's, little to no morning illness, back pain only started a moon before her water, the babe had been calm within her, she couldn't wait to meet the cub that had been such a gods send.

"Your Grace, just one more push!" Pycelle ordered, and so she did, she pushed as hard as she could and the sound of her second child crying pleased her to no end, Jaime congratulated her and told her that she had been blessed with another boy, another little lion she thought and smiled in at the little bundle being brought over to her.

"Please leave us for a moment Pycelle, I wish to be alone with Jaime and my child" She ordered, Pycelle countered that he must check to see if the babe was well, but she asked for a small moment, and with that the old fool left the room.

"He's going to be a charmer for sure sister" Jaime assured her with a smirk.

"Yes, he is my beautiful little cub will take the hearts of many."

She agreed.

"So what are you going to call him, I was thinking Tywin" Jaime offered, she turned her eyes to her brother and glared asking him if he was serious.

"Of course not sister, it was merely a jest" Jaime assured her.

"I was thinking, Damon, Damon of house Lannister" She voiced her thoughts aloud.

"A good name, a strong name." said Jaime accepting the name.

The door slammed open then, the fat oaf that was her husband drunk and smelling of sex stumbled into the room.

"Where's my boy!"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>6 Years after the birth of Damon 'Lannister' Baratheon.<strong>

Damon had been looking at his feet ever since he stepped foot into her room, he knew he was in trouble and this was his fatal flaw, he showed fear when a Lion should never show fear.

"Damon, look at me" She demanded, and her cub obeyed, tears already in his eyes before she even reprimanded him, Jaime had been the one to bring him here and he was currently standing behind his son.

"Do you know what you did wrong?" She asked.

"I didn't show up to my studies" Damon answered in a whisper.

"And why not?" She asked again.

"Because I wanted to train with a sword" Damon answered again.

"A live steel sword, Damon. Do you know how dangerous that is? You could have hurt yourself, I won't even bother asking how you even got near the armoury, let alone take a sword and walk through the castle with it" She scolded him.

"Don't you ever do that again. Do you understand?" She asked sternly.

"Yes, mother" Damon answered.

"Why do you even want to train with a blade, Joffrey hasn't even started yet and he's older than you?" She asked still seated in front of him, Damon's head quickly tilted up and looked at her straight in the eyes before he said something that shocked her and made her brother snort.

"He won't train because he's a cry baby, and weak!" Her cub answered with a half shout, she shot glares at her brother before finally getting up from her chair and kneeling down in front of him and cupped his beautiful face.

"You shouldn't speak about your brother like that" She scolded.

"But it's true mother, I don't want to be like him, I want to be like Ser Barristan or Uncle Jaime, I want to be a knight who could fight against anyone" He admitted with enthusiasm when talking about the two Kingsguard.

"But my little cub, they are not great warriors because they can just fight, but because they are smart as well, they took their lessons, like them or not and they became so great because of it. From now on you will go to your lessons like a good lion, understood?"

"Yes mother" He answered somberly.

"Good and after your lessons, you will go find either Ser Barristan or your Uncle Jaime and they will teach you how to wield a sword, okay?" She asked with a smirk.

"Really?" Damon yelled in excitement, hopping up and down.

"Really" She confirmed, then greeted by a big hug.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you" He repeated a dozen times before bouncing off down the halls.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>13 Years after the birth of Damon 'Lannister' Baratheon.<strong>

Damon had taken ill shortly after his 13th namesday celebration, he had been bringing up everything he had eaten and had come out in a fever, Pycelle had given him something to help with the sickness but it only went so far, so she decided that she would go sleep with him tonight, merely to help him if he had issues, Pycelle had ensured her that he would be fine after a night's rest but she ignored him and locked the door to her son's room.

He had been surprised to see her, but quickly thanked her for coming, he had been sweating profusely and had shredded all of his clothes leaving him naked as the day he was born, she had no issue with it and quickly took off her clothes, she could feel his eyes roaming all over her body without turning around, she slowly slipped on her sheer, see through nightwear and slowly walked over to his bed, he avoided looking at her and was much more interested looking at the cup of water on his bedside table.

She smirked at this as she slipped under the covers and cuddled up to her cub, she placed a hand on the top of his head and ran her fingers through his golden hair, the other hand rested on his stomach, muscles had started to show on his body thanks to the six days a week of training he had started since he was six, taking one day off to recover, she roamed his body with her hand rubbing it lower and lower to his cock, if he had been older she would have felt the hair that occupied the area of a man's cock and she couldn't help but notice that it felt nice with no hair in the way.

Damon had fully turned back around so his eyes were looking into her own, she couldn't help but notice how tense he was and how fast he was breathing, so she lowered her hand further and felt the familiar

shape of a cock resting in her hand, she noticed that he was small in size, but was bigger than Jaime's had been at his age, she closed her hand around his cock and jerked it slowly, she was awarded a low moan from Damon and her cunt wettened at the sound.

Damon gave no indication that he wanted her to stop so she sped up, muttering that this would make him feel better, she jerked him fast and as she was doing that she brought her face close to his and started laying kisses on him, but soon found his mouth and laid a kiss upon them, he soon started returning them, and soon she invaded his mouth with her tongue and sped up on his cock, he moaned into her mouth before releasing his clear seed onto her hand,

She parted her lips from his, and smirked at Damon's panting and heavy breathing, she caught his eye before raising the hand that was covered in his seed and licked it clean, his eyes widened at that and she smirked again, she soon started kissing his bare chest, before finding his cock again with her hand.

She felt him harden again and a smile presented itself on her face, she positions herself to be lying on top of him without hurting him and she starts laying kisses all over his body, from his legs up to his neck, before she lowers her head under the sheets, and comes face to face with his young cock, she gives it a quick kiss which results in Damon gripping her head with both hands.

"Moth-"

"Sh!" She interrupts. "This is your night my young lion, enjoy it." She says, before wrapping her plump lips around his cock and sucking strongly, resulting in a loud moan from Damon. She smirks in excitement at the thoughts of what she could teach her young little lion.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>15 Years after the birth of Damon 'Lannister' Baratheon.<strong>

"Mother?" Damon inquires.

"Yes, my beautiful lion?"

"We've arrived" Is all he says before darting his horse forward, she looks out her window to see the dull coloured bricks of Winterfell's walls in the distance.

So they had, Lions meet Wolves once again.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Once again I would like to say that I do not condone this at all, but we are in the Game of Thrones world where a brother fucks his sister and teens age 15 or so get married off to older men.<strong>

\*\*Again if you don't like this stuff then don't bother coming back but I am promising that this will be action packed and will have some twists and turns and no, this Lannister will not be siding with the Starks, he stands with his mother!\*\*

\*\*Hope you lot enjoyed this is my second FanFic I have on this site the other is called 'Dragons and Wolves' and is set after all the events in the show and the book, I will be alternating between stories so if I get writers block on one I can go to the other and work on that.\*\*

\*\*Damon is 15 - 16th namesday is several moons away (Months)\*\*

\*\*Joffrey is 16\*\*

\*\*Robb and Jon - 17\*\*

\*\*Search up the shows ages to see the rest!\*\*

\*\*Hope you enjoyed, if you see any mistakes feel free to point them out as I am only one guy and I can only see and correct so many!\*\*

\*\*P.S. For those thinking "She had an orgasm during childbirth? That's just stupid!" search it up, it is a real thing that can happen!\*\*

## 2. Chapter 1

\*\*Hey everyone, for those who haven't seen my other story then this message is to you, at the moment I am currently in my last year of College, I have two assignments left to do, one is an animation and the other is my Final Major Project, these two projects are going to take a lot of my time up but I assure you that one if not both of my stories will be updated to at least one chapter a week, two depending on time.\*\*

\*\*Lastly, I want to thank everyone for the reviews and the messages and I hope to deliver a story that you will all enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Damon<strong>

The journey up to the North was fair enough he supposed, nothing really exciting happened other than Joffrey panicking as he accidentally kicked his horse too hard which resulted in shrieks of terror as the horse sped away from the Royal Party. Robert had a good laugh at that and if he was being honest he had as well.

He didn't hate his brother by any stretch of the imagination, Joffrey was his brother now and forever, however he had tasked himself to teach Joffrey how to at least act like a good prince but that failed massively and they had actually fought each other even came to blows, but as soon as Joffrey started to cry he stopped what he was doing and gave him a brotherly hug, repeatedly saying that he was sorry.

They had distanced from each other for a while after that, however, one day he had seen Joffrey struggle to hit a target with his crossbow in the training yard outside the Red Keep, he had soon found himself down there as well, aiming a crossbow at his own separate

target, they had talked and fixed the gap between them, it was soon coming to evening, and they had been out there throughout the entire day betting on who would hit the bullseye first, and he was glad that Joffrey beat him, he had hated crossbows anyway and couldn't stick them at all, but it had been a necessary component in bonding with his brother, they had been so wrapped up with each other they hadn't know that the King himself and my Mother had been watching for quite some time, but what Robert said to him after the small bet, maddened him to no end.

"\_Should have done better Damon." \_

He had said drunkenly, not even congratulating Joffrey or even looked at him, he then left us stumbling after a maid shouting profanities and lewd descriptions of what he was going to do to her, I had seen the look on my Mother's face, pure anger in her eyes but her gorgeous face gave nothing away.

Joffrey had been the most upset, he had always looked for approval, but never had he in his entire life, only from me or my Mother, I had told Joffrey not to be upset and because he had won the bet I told him I would take any punishment.

That's how I ended up getting caught by Ser Barristan, Joffrey had dared me to run around the Red Keep in nothing but my small clothes and to say my mentor was disappointed was a bit of an understatement, they stares from the maids made me very uncomfortable for the next few days, but it had been worth it to see Joffrey smile and laugh, hell even the Hound had smirked as well.

"Damon?" Myrcella his sister, interrupts his thoughts, he looked down at the girl who had been riding on his horse for most of the day now, three and ten years old now and she was starting to mold into a beautiful woman just like their mother.

"Yes, my sweet?" He asked.

"Could I have that rose?" She asked, pointing towards a single Blue winter rose.

"Of course, you can." He answers before seeking out the perfect person for the person for the job. "Sandor! Be a good man and pick that Blue winter rose and hand it to me"

Sandor dutifully nods before hopping off and picking the flower, Sandor gently picked it before presenting it to him.

"Oh, Sandor! You really shouldn't have!" He says his tone softer and lighter than ever, clearly taking the piss, Sandor grumbled before walking off and he was pleased to see that it had a good effect on his sister who was giggling at Sandor's not so impressed face.

"Here you are sweet sister" Handing the flower over to her then kissing the top of her head as she snuggles into my chest.

It wasn't long before they stopped for the night, setting up tents and fires to cook and keep warm, due to constrictions and that Robert had not wanted to be slowed down more than he already has been, his brothers and sisters had to share a tent, which was perfectly fine with him, Joffrey had kicked off a storm but he understood how people



like their privacy.

They had found a wild pig close to the camp and was able to feast on it, he didn't mind Pork, he hated Duck and Mutton so back at the Red Keep he was normally cooked a different meat, Mutton was just so tasteless and Mutton was just disgusting.

And so he spent a long time in the makeshift camp listening to all the guards stories, ranging from funny stories to horror stories, it was long into the night before he went into his shared tent, Joffrey was snoring, Myrcella was sleeping soundly whilst Tommen was still up, clearly frightened by something.

"Tommen are you alright?" He asked, the only answer he was getting was a head shake and tears silently spilling from his eyes. "Hey, hey, there's no need for that is there? Come on you can tell me" He said sitting on the bunk next to his brother.

"I'm scared" Tommen whispers.

"Hey, there's nothing to be afraid of" He assures, only for Tommen cry even more. "What are you afraid of little brother?" He asks.

"The dark" Tommen mutters, ah and affliction he had suffered from when he was younger, so he gets up and heads over to his trunk, and finds the book his Mother would always read to him when he was scared.

He walks back to Tommen and leans down beside him and starts to read to him, the book was called Aegon the Conqueror and it was his favourite, and so he read to Tommen until the little man started to snore softly, and so he stripped down to his small clothes and slowly drifted off to sleep in his own bunk.

\* \* \*

><p>"Damon!" Robert shouted, earning his full attention. "Get your brother out from behind his Mother's skirts and tell he will be riding with the first line into Winterfell, and then take yourself to the rear of the party" Robert demanded.<p>

"Yes, Father" He sighed before nodding his respect to his Uncle and Ser Barristan, they had packed up camp early that morning in hopes of getting to Winterfell by midday, he soon arrived at the royal Carriage, greeting his mother with a soft smile and receiving a heartwarming one in return.

"Brother, father wants you at the front for when we arrive in Winterfell, I am to guard the back" His brother answers with a roll of his eyes before moving to get up, he greets Myrcella and Tommen as Joffrey gets prepared to leave, and gives his Mother a subtle kiss on the cheek, a little too close to her lips if anyone had seen but he didn't care, his mother brings up her hand and rests it on his cheek for but a moment before taking it away, he says his goodbyes before leaving for the end of the party.

It wasn't long before they were arriving in Winterfell, the whole host family all in attendance, however, he fails to see his Uncle Tyrion anywhere. Tyrion had told him a few days before that he was

going off to get a head start with a few guards going too, he hadn't liked it but accepted it.

Tyrion was the biggest thing his mother and himself disagreed on, she calls him a monster whilst he views his Uncle as a sort of hero, Tyrion smart and passionate, especially when it comes to his family, he was a good friend to talk to when he spent three years at Casterly Rock, under the teaching of his grandfather.

His horse was the last to enter, Robert and Lord Eddard Stark were walking to what he presumed were the crypts, he was merely going off the look of outrage on his Mother's face to come to that conclusion, the Stark children were still in the courtyard, a little girl with dark hair looking at him with curious eyes before turning her eyes to his uncle Jaime before finding his again, her eyes widened for a second before she turned her head toward a tall beautiful redhead, which must be Lord Stark's eldest daughter, her eyes then caught mine, a blush coming to her cheeks after he winks at her, the little one, her sister no doubt rolls her eyes before rushing off and soon the redhead herself soon turns away trying to busy herself.

"Teasing the Stark children already, Nephew?" Jaime asks as he walks up to his horse.

"You know I can't help it Uncle" He answers with a smirk.

"Well, I'm sure you've already figured out that we are more than likely, not only here to make Lord Stark Hand of the King" Jaime says, whilst taking control of my horse's reigns.

"I'm putting my money on a Stark and Baratheon marriage, the redhead Stark girl and my brother"

"Yes, that would be a wise bet"

\* \* \*

><p>"Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink!" Is all he could hear as Robert downs another barrel of ale, to the joys of the Northerners, he sat at the high table beside his mother, Joffrey nowhere to be seen, and his younger siblings turned in for an early night.<p>

They had been eating a rather delicious meal, thanks to the chefs in the kitchen, he had one of the nicest chickens he's ever had, his mother had the same as he did and he was able to catch her surprise at the taste, he had chuckled at that earning him a small poke from his Mother, she too with a smile on her face, too soon however that it had been removed thanks to the King of the Seven Kingdoms, she had caught him groping a wench as she went past delivering more food and drink.

"Care for a dance, Mother?" He asked her in the effort of cheering her up.

"I would love to, my young lion" She agreed, gripping his offered hand as he led her to the central floor, he wraps his arm around her waist his hand positioned just above her arse, his right-hand grips his mother's left and her right arm goes around his shoulder, they move in time with the tune, his mother's eyes focused on his, the smile at each other as he twirls her around, the song, however, came

to an end all too soon for his liking.

Soon after his dance with his Mother he asked Lady Catelyn Stark if she wanted a dance, she also agreed, dancing with her was surprisingly pleasant, he had seen earlier how she acted towards her husband's bastard, and he had first thought her to be an unkind woman however she proved that it was merely only directed at Jon Snow.

Soon he found himself dancing with Lady Starks daughter, Sansa, who was too busy trying not to look in my direction, he found girls who did that were cute but they never really held his attention, she was a beauty for sure but, she was too nervous to even have fun with and soon turned into a courtesey for the Starks.

He found himself back at the main table with his Mother, Lady Stark was trying so hard to get my Mother to focus on something else other than the King who was currently trying to juggle a pair of tits.

He had noticed early on in the evening that the cloth on the table was extremely long, covering the entirety of the table, so he had an idea, he slowly brought his hand up to his mother's leg, his ghostly touch causing his mother's leg to twitch giving him the only indication that she felt his hand, he slowly moved across her leg until he reached the point he's craved for so long and gently but pressure on his mother's cunt, her legs opened accepting his touch, so he started to rub her cunt harder, he felt her hand clench around his arm, clenching harder and harder as he started rubbing harder and harder, then he felt his mother's legs close and tense around his hand, his mother's hand was digging painfully into my arm as she rode out her release, but he didn't care, he enjoyed it.

After her release, he excused himself from the table, he found himself feeling tired after the day's events, so he kissed his mother on the cheek bidding her goodnight, and he kisses the hand of Lady Stark, thanking her for a wonderful evening.

\* \* \*

><p>"Come on Tommen, you can do it!" He shouts as he watches Tommen fight Bran using wooden swords, however, he concedes way to easily, he'll have to train Tommen when they are back in King's Landing.<p>

"Robb Stark!" Joffrey shouts, earning the attention of all those in the training yard. "I'm tired of watching these children fight, so let's spar"

"Live steel?" Robb asks.

"Live steel" Joffrey agrees, Ser Rodrik looked conflicted to handing them live steel, until Robb forces his hand.

They walk around each other, both ready for the first strike, he can't help but note that Robb's form is miles better compared to his own brothers, he could already guess the outcome of this fight before it had even begun.

Only a few clashes in until the winner is decided, Joffrey attacked first using all of his strength to disbalance Robb, however, Robb had

seen it coming and counted perfectly, he dropped his shoulder allowing Joffrey to move even further forward thanks to the momentum of his own attack and flips him onto his back.

Robb offered a rematch, but Joffrey made the excuse that he was done playing child games, so the score was two to the Starks zero the Lannisters, he couldn't let that scoreline stand, and he noticed Uncle Jaime couldn't either.

"Robb Stark, how about a two on two, myself and my Uncle, Jaime, against you and your bastard brother?" He asked, Robb's eyes went wide at the prospect of fighting his Uncle and a little rage, mayhaps because he called his half-brother a bastard.

"My Prince, I'm a bastard, I'm not allowed to hurt you," Snow says.

"Uncle if they agree and the bastard is able to land a blow on me, make sure he's not executed or punished, and everyone here is witnesses to what I just said, so do you want to fight, or not?" He asked.

"Let's do it" Robb agrees.

He draws his sword and stands beside his Uncle as he draws his sword as well, the brothers also draw their swords and the whole training yard is now filled with Stark men, Lannister men, Baratheon men and even The King and Lord Stark have come outside no doubt hearing about the match.

He charges first at the bastard, Jon blocks, and the sound steel clashing is his favourite song, he catches Robb out of the corner of his eye swinging his sword down on him, only for the blade to be met with the blade of my Uncle's sword, they start to openly swing at each other, steel clashing over and over again, he nods to his Uncle to signal a switch of opponent, they had trained with this tactic back at the Red Keep, it was great to get the drop on an opponent because they had been fighting one and now fighting another, whilst he was trained by Jaime a few times, his fighting style is one like Ser Barristans, as he was his mentor for most of the times in training.

Robb's sword swings through the air, he can only move so far back to dodge and the tip of Robb's blade nicks his cheek drawing blood, his Uncle kicks the bastard in the stomach before engaging Robb in a series of brutal and fast attacks, Jon tries to hit Jaime back but his sword interrupts Jon's, however the bastard then goes on to the attack, however thanks to his training with Ser Barristan he has adopted his defensive style of swordplay, however, Jon was very fast and it's thanks to luck that the blades clashed together awkwardly making the two stumble back from the odd sensation their clash caused, he recovers faster than the bastard does, and quickly launches an attack which Jon cannot have any hope of defending, and he soon disarms the bastard around the time Jaime makes Robb fall to his knees, they both yield and half the court cheers in happiness whilst the other half pay out what they owe.

They both pull the two Stark children up to their feet and exchange compliments and congratulations, he finds his mother looking very proud and it fills him with happiness and even the King is

celebrating walking over and crushing him into his stomach.

It wasn't until much later when the mood dampened massively, with news that the young Lord Bran had fallen from an old tower, they heard that he might survive but if he does he'll never have the use of his legs again, it had been a week since their arrival and also the arrival of Benjen Stark, he had talked with him about the Wall and how that was going, he seemed to think I had a massive influence in the south as he asked if I could find more people for the Watch, I had told him I would bring it up to the King.

And now he's standing in the room where Bran sleeps, Lady Stark was sat there trying to act strong like a mother should.

"I'm so sorry Lady Stark, I hope he wakes, nobody deserves to leave this world at his age. My prayers are with you and your family" She only whispers thank you before turning back to her son, as he walks out and he pauses at the sight of his mother walking towards the room.

"My little lion, how is the young child?" She asks as she gets close.

"He should live, thankfully, no child should be taken from this life at such a young age" He answer.

"No, nobody deserves that," She says agreeing before excusing herself and giving him a subtle kiss on the cheek.

He walks down to the courtyard and watches as everyone packs their items up, they will be leaving soon and heading back down south, he doesn't even notice when Tyrion walks up to him.

"Nephew"

"Uncle"

"What a fuck up"

"You can say that again," He says before finally looking down at his Uncle. "I hear you're going to visit the Wall"

"Yes, I've always wanted to go and piss off the top of the Wall" Tyrion says with a smirk.

"Just make sure you don't freeze your cock off, it'd be a shame for the whores you fuck with it" He jokes.

"Aye they would scream from dusk till dawn," Tyrion says with a smirk. "Oh well dear Nephew it looks as if it's time for us to get moving," Tyrion says as he hops on his horse. "Be safe Nephew and look after your siblings"

"I always do" He adds.

"I know you do" Tyrion agrees before riding towards the group of men heading to the Wall.

"My Prince" He hears Jaime shout, and he turns to face him. "It's

time to go!"

"Very well then" He whispers to himself before setting off heading back down south, with not only Lord Stark, but his two daughters as well.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Here's the next chapter I hope you enjoy, if I make any mistakes please feel free to point them out to me so I can fix them.<strong>

\*\*Oh and I have been placing hints throughout this chapter which will lead to future chapters, I want to see if I've been too obvious, which I personally think I have but if nobody gets it then the reveal will be so much better.\*\*

\*\*~Cheers.\*\*

### 3. Chapter 2

\*\*Hey everyone, loving the support, if I may ask could you spare a few moments at the end of this chapter to review and say what you like and don't like.\*\*

\*\*I would also like to bring up a fact a reader said to me on my last chapter. I would not class Cersei a pedophile, she isn't attracted to other boys at Damon's age or lower, the reason why she has this relationship with her son is much like her and Jaime's relationship, it's founded on love.\*\*

\*\*This will all be explained in future chapters, I promise.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Damon<strong>

What a ball ache this had been, they had been traveling for some time now, only stopping to either have lunch or sleep, everything had been fine, until one of the Lannister men came running in, saying that the Crown Prince had been attacked.

The note he was writing to his Grandfather was long forgotten as he raced out to find his brother, he searched his mother's tent, his brother's tent and he was just about to look in the Maesters tent before he gets notified that he had been summoned to the hall.

As he bursts through the door, he sees the young Stark girl, The King, his mother and his brother all looking at her, he could see that all three of them were furious.

"What's happened here?" He asks the crowd making way for him.

"The Stark girls little monster bit Joffrey, nearly tore his arm off" His mother answers, he walks over to Joffrey and asks if he could see the wound, unwrapping it he could see the hideous wound that he has suffered no doubt that they will be even more hideous scars.

The door then barges open again, Eddard Stark storming in and

demanding to know what was going on, hugging his daughter, who loudly saying 'I'm Sorry' over and over again.

"What is the meaning of this? Why was my daughter not brought to me at once?" Stark demands.

"How dare you speak to your king in that manner" My mother answers, only to be told to be quiet by the King.

"Sorry Ned, never meant to frighten the girl, but we need to get this business done quickly" The Kings says.

"Your girl and that butcher's boy attacked my son, that animal of hers nearly tore his arm off" My mother speaks, only to be followed up by Arya saying that wasn't true.

"She just bit him a little" The Stark girl says unconvincingly "He was hurting Mycah" She follows up strongly.

"Joff told us what happened you and that boy beat him with clubs, whilst you set your Wolf on him" My mother argues.

"That's not what happened!" The girl exclaims, followed quickly by Joffrey saying that it was what happened.

"They all attacked me and she threw my sword into the river" Joffrey argues, only to be replied by the girl calling him a liar. "Just up" Joffrey yells weakly.

"ENOUGH!" The King yells, pointing out that Joffrey says one thing and Arya says another. "Seven Hells! What am I to make of this?" The King questions.

"Where's your other daughter, Ned?" The King asks in which Lord Stark replies that she is in bed, asleep.

"She's not" My mother chimes in. "Sansa! Come here darling" She says sweetly, Sansa could only look at her father before she was ordered to stand in front of the King.

"Tell me what happened, tell it all and tell it true, it's a great crime to lie to a King" Robert says.

Sansa nervously glances at her father, then glances at Joffrey, before saying she didn't know and that she couldn't remember. This obvious lie results in her hair getting pulled by Arya, who was screaming liar, over and over again.

He couldn't help but smirk at the way they were fighting, and he noticed his mother was smirking too. They wouldn't last long in the south, Eddard was too Honourable, Arya was too crazy and uncontrollable and Sansa was just plain naive.

"She's as wild as that animal of hers," My mother says.

"I can't help but agree, mother," He says, amusement sounding loud and clear in his tone.

"I want her punished" His mother carries on, he couldn't help but disagree on that, he's many things but not a child abuser, the King

seemed to have the same mindset, either because he didn't like punishing children or because of his friendship with Eddard Stark.

"What would you have me do? Whip her through the streets? Damnit! Children fight, it's over" The King declares.

"Joffrey will bear these scars for the rest of his life" His mother argues, earning Joffrey the attention of the King.

"You let that little girl disarm you?" The Kings asks incredulously. Joffrey turns away from the King's eyes and looks to the floor.

To be honest, the fact that he did let a little girl disarm him is a bit concerning, he will have to try and convince Joffrey to learn how to use a sword.

"Ned, see to it that your daughters disciplined, I'll do the same with my son" Robert announces.

"Gladly your Grace" Eddard agrees.

"And what of the Direwolf?" Asks his mother, making a departing Robert halt in his tracks. "What of the beast that savaged your son?"

"Forgot the damned Wolf," Robert says, turning around to inquire it's status, the Lannister guard announced that they had found no trace of it. "No? So be it"

"We have another Wolf" Mother simply says.

"As you will" Robert merely says, whispering to Lord Stark as he passes, then stomps off.

Sansa Stark argues, saying that Lady was good and that she hadn't bit anyone, Lord Stark shouts down the hall asking the King if that is his command, but the King merely just walks off.

"Where is the beast?" His mother inquires, the guard from before answers that it was outside chained up. "Ser Ilyn, do me the honour" Mother demands

"No. Jory take the girls to their rooms. If it must be done, I'll do it myself" Lord Stark declares.

"Is this some trick?" His mother asks.

"The Wolf is of the North, she deserves better than a butcher." Lord Stark announces before turning away. He whispers to his mother, saying that he will keep an eye on Stark and makes sure he does it.

He follows Lord Stark outside, nodding to the Hound as he passes, he watches as Lord Stark kneels down beside the Wolf, drawing his dagger, he strokes the Wolf to calm it before slitting its throat.

"Keep you daughters on a tight leash, Lord Stark" He announces. "Wouldn't want any more Wolves to die would we?" He asks



sarcastically, Stark looks up, rage and anger written in his eyes but keeping his face stoic. Lord Stark stands up cutting the rope that ties the Wolf to the post, he watches as the Warden of the North picks up the body of the Wolf and walks off.

"Watch out indeed, Lord Stark" He mutters to himself.

"What did I miss now?" He hears his Uncle Jaime ask from behind him.

"Oh, nothing important, Joffrey got disarmed by the smallest Stark girl, then get's bitten by her Wolf, the Stark girl then ran away, including her Wolf, only to be found by our men, and brought before the King, Lord Stark then arrives, demanding and shouting, my mother involves herself in a verbal battle, with Robert and Lord Stark, Joffrey lies about what happened, my mother demands the death of the Wolf, only for her to be denied because the Wolf in question hasn't been found so she ordered the death of Sansa's Wolf." He finishes, his tone remaining the same throughout.

Jaime raises his eyebrow "So nothing much then." Jaime chuckles.

"Where have you been anyway?" He asks.

"I've been setting up sentries along the road, so we don't run into trouble later on. How did you know Joffrey was lying?" Jaime asked.

"He's my brother, he's never told a lie that I've believed and he couldn't look the king in the eyes when asked"

"What are you going to do?" Jaime asks

"I'll reprimand him later in private, I love him, I mean he is my brother after all, but he'll be King someday, I don't want him to be a king like the idiot that sit's there now or like the psychopath that ruled before him." He answers, before walking off.

\* \* \*

><p>It had been a couple of days since the incident involving the young Stark girl and his brother, and you could feel the tension in camp every night, the Stark men kept to themselves whilst the Baratheon and Lannister men did the same.<p>

He had gone to Joffrey the day after the incident, told him that if he wanted to be a good King he'll need to stand up for himself a lot more, learn how to wield a blade and know how to look people in the eyes.

His little reprimand didn't go over well, they had an argument which eventually ended by Joffrey saying that he was Robert's first born and that he could do whatever he wanted because he would be king, Joffrey had also said that he was jealous of Joffrey and he wanted the Throne, which he denied immediately, he was always grateful that Joffrey was first born, there is no doubt in his mind that he would be a good King, he just didn't want the responsibility of being King and he told Joffrey that, only for Joffrey to huff in doubt before walking away.

He would have to fix that little mess at some point.

And now he finds himself in the carriage with his Mother, Myrcella and was resting her head under his arm whilst his mother had Tommen in a similar position, both sound asleep, he was ready to sleep until his mother brought up Joffrey.

"You need to be kinder to him." She whispers casually trying not to wake the sleeping siblings.

"Mother, he needs to learn how to be King, if there is ever a war or battle, he's expected to lead in the front lines, he can't do that if he can't even wield a sword properly" He answers as harshly and quietly as he could.

"My little Lion is going nowhere near the front lines of a battle, he will be a good king, with me as his council"

"You coddle him too much mother," He starts. "He's become cruel in these recent years, and that's because you gave him the mindset that he can do anything because he is the prince." He whispers harshly. "Do you remember what happened to Tommen's fawn?" He asks "He killed it and then skinned it! Gods he even has to hide the cat I gave him a few moons ago when Joffrey is around because he's afraid Joffrey will kill it."

"A fawn was not a pet." She answers, avoiding all else what he had just said.

"You are missing the point mother, you may think you will be in control when he is king, but it won't be you lost control of him a long time ago."

"Do not speak to me like that, I am your Mother, you wil-" She's cut off by Myrcella, waking up.

"Why are you arguing?" She asks sleepily.

"We're not, my little sweet, just a difference of opinion." He says.

"Okay," Myrcella says, before cuddling into him even more, he kisses the top of her head before sending his mother a glare, promising that they have not finished this conversation, he then rests his head on the top of Myrcella's before closing his eyes and falling asleep.

\* \* \*

><p>Arriving in King's Landing in a carriage was by far the best thing, that's why he envied his mother and younger siblings as they pass through the hordes of people with no issue, being in front on a horse was slightly more difficult, having to look out for children running around or assassins.<p>

The whole city smelled like a shit pit, who could see the Stark men's faces scrunch up at the smell, he would have laughed if he could fully ignore the smell as well.

Outside the Red Keep a company of Lannister and Baratheon men waited

for them, along with with them was Renly, looking as good as ever, he would be a good match for any highborn woman, he wasn't great at fighting with a sword but he did like swallowing them, or so he heard.

"Uncle Renly!" He shouts, with a smirk.

"Nephew, I trust the North was good?" Renly asks with a smirk matching his own.

"It was, how was ruling in the King's stead?" He asks

"It was fine, I rather enjoyed myself" Renly admits.

"You're the first to ever say that then." He says

They head inside the Red Keep, their servants taking their belongings, and delivering to their rooms, he doesn't even notice his mother arriving beside him until he hears her voice.

"Damon, would you like to continue our past conversation?" His mother asks, in her fake polite tone.

"Yes mother, in my solar?" He suggests, she all but nods and walks away, he catches Renly's eyes, before answering the unasked question. "Mother and I have a difference of opinion on how a prince should act," He says before following his mother.

He arrives in his solar, his mother drinking from a cup of wine, whilst servants, walk about placing my items back where they belong, he watches his mother walk around the room, before ending up in front of his journals from his time with his grandfather Tywin Lannister, she reaches for one, before he demands the servants out of his room, they all nod and mutter my prince before leaving, he walks over to his mother and grabs the journal out of her hand before placing it back down, he grabs a cup and fills it with fresh water and stands on the balcony overlooking the city.

"You've never told me what happened during your time with my father, and you still deny me now, why?" His mother all but demands.

"He merely showed me how to be a Lannister, mother, not the type of thing that'll interest you." He answers, downing his water before refilling it.

"Then you'll have no issue with me reading it."

"Mother!" He shouts startling her. "If I want something to remain hidden it stays hidden, is that understood, I won't say that I enjoyed my time with Grandfather, but he taught me lessons I will never forget, now when I say you will never see what are in those books, I mean it. Is that clear?" He asks, his throat sore from shouting.

"Don't you dare raise your voice at me!" She shouts in return, before striding over, her beautiful face holding nothing but anger.

"Or what mother? You'll do nothing, just like when Joffrey killed Tommen's fawn, you did nothing, just like when Joffrey pushed Myrcella in a river, you did nothing but support Joffrey, you made a

mistake with him" He shouts back, only to receive a slap in return.

His head snapped to the side from the force of the slap, he welcomed the stinging sensation, he knew he was getting to her, he turned his head back to look at her only to be pushed into the back wall as his mother's lips crushes onto his own, they fight for control over the other, hands groping over each others body, he pulls his mother's large breasts out of her dress, fondling them in each hand, his mother's own hands gripping his cock through his breeches.

He pushes her back into the desk, before flipping her over, so her arse stuck out and her tits were pressed into the desk, he pulls up her skirts, only to receive a surprise, his mother had gone without smallclothes, her cunt wet and ready for his cock, he looks up at his mother, her eyes filled with lust and love, he pulls free his hard cock and plunges into her, his mother gasps and he watches as her hands grip the edges of the desk, soon his room is filled with sound of wet slaps as his cock rams in and out of his mother's cunt, he slaps her arse, which earns him a glare only making him do it again, which results in a moan coming from his mother.

He then pulls her up so her back was against his chest, his mother rests her head on his right shoulder as he fucks her roughly, he had gained height since his first sexual encounter with his mother two years ago, and now he used that height gain to his advantage, he puts a hand around her throat lightly, his cock plunging into her slower but harder than before, his other hand finds the small nub that his mother enjoys him rubbing so much and rubs it harshly, causing her to shake and tense as she climaxes, his hand that had been around her throat had quickly covered her mouth to cover up the moan she had been about to release, he notices her eyes rolling into the back of her head as she releases the moan into his hand, which brings him to his release and he empties his seed into her cunt.

They soon find themselves panting, he presses kisses into his mother's neck in between breathes, as she rolls her hips in a circular motion with his cock still inside her.

"I love you mother" He admits with a whisper.

He hears her moan in delight before she raises her hand to stroke his face. "I love you too Damon" His mother admits in return.

His cock soon slides out of her cunt, his seed soon follows, spilling out of her at a slow rate, they clean themselves up, giving each other appreciative looks as they dress themselves, they soon find each other by the door to his solar, he lifts her chin up before putting his mouth over hers, they kiss before leaving the room together, separating soon after as he goes to find Ser Barristan.

\* \* \*

><p>He doesn't know why he tries for, he admits to himself, whilst on the floor thanks to Ser Barristan's counter, he lifts himself up in time to defend himself from another attack, for a man of Ser Barristan's age he knows how to dance, their swords clash for the hundredth time today before he finds himself disarmed and thrown to the floor, again.<p>

"My Prince you are usually much better than this" Ser Barristan taunts.

"Bad day" He answers before going in for another attack, only to be thrown to the floor yet again.

"I think that should be enough for today, My Prince" Ser Barristan decides.

"Not yet Ser Barristan" He pleads, but before the Knight can answer, Jaime arrives saying that the King has demanded Ser Barristan's presence, the Knight nods, before going off, leaving himself and Jaime alone in the courtyard.

"Want to spar against me, Nephew?" Jaime's asks, drawing his sword with grace.

"Lets," He says before they clash swords.

It had been only minutes until he found himself on the floor again, anger flowing through his veins.

"Is that all you got Nephew?" Jaime taunts. "For someone being trained under Ser Barristan himself, I would have thought you would be much better than that." Jaime continues.

He growls in reply, before sprinting towards Jaime and tackling him down to the ground, putting a knife to Jaime's throat.

"You're too cocky Uncle" He smirks, before lifting himself up, then Jaime.

"You know, doing that in an actual fight is going to get you killed" Jaime mutters as he works out the kinks in his back from landing on the floor in full Kingsguard armour.

"Oh, I know" He agrees, before telling Jaime that he is done for today.

"How did your conversation go with Joffrey?" Jaime asks, only for him to groan in response. "That well huh? Should've expected that Damon"

"He doesn't get it does he?" He asks.

"No, no he doesn't, but he'll be glad to have you beside his side when the time comes, that is of course if you don't get a wife before then."

"Mother will never have that and you know it"

"It's not up to her, if the King wants you to marry, you will marry." A servant then comes rushing into the training yard with a message for Jaime, saying that my mother had requested him in her solar.

"Have fun Uncle," He says with a smirk, before walking away to his own solar.

Outside his room was someone he was not expecting, Myrcella, she

rushed to greet him in a hug, her arms wrapping around him in a crushing hug.

"Myrcella, what's wrong?" He asks, thinking that she had been crying, but when she looks up he only see's a beaming smile.

"Nothing just wanted to see you," She says, innocently.

"Oh, well come in, I was just about to write a letter to Grandfather anyway." He says, opening the door to his solar.

"Did you enjoy the North sister? I knew you enjoyed looking at Robb Stark" He says with a smirk.

"Shut up," She says softly, avoiding his eyes.

He laughs in response and goes about writing his letter as his sister, finds a book to read, he warns her not to read the journals beside his bed, and she just nods.

\_To Lord Tywin Lannister, \_

\_Lord of Casterly Rock, \_

\_Warden of the West \_

\_and Lord Paramount of the Westerlands.\_

\_Grandfather,\_

\_We have arrived back in King's Landing, Lord Stark has accepted the Hand of the King position along with accepting the marriage proposal between Joffrey and his eldest daughter Sansa Stark, I, however, feel that you should have been given the position, Lord Stark is too honourable and will prove to be a hindrance rather than an improvement.\_

\_I will keep you informed about what business I can get involved in, I have a feeling that something bad will happen in the coming days and when that does happen we will need you here to keep the peace, I can only control Joffrey for so long, my influence on him is already waning and I believe I will not be able to control him for long if he becomes King soon, which I don't want to happen, he is my brother and I love him but if he is not controlled he will be a danger to us all.\_

\_Your unannounced heir to Casterly Rock.\_

\_Prince Damon Lannister.\_

He folds up the parchment before putting his seal on it, he takes a glance around and see's Myrcella sitting comfortably on his bed reading a book.

"I am just leaving for a moment to get this to a raven and then I will be right back, okay sweet sister?" She nods her head in answer, not even taking her eyes off of the book.

As he walks out he can't help but feel eyes watching him as he walks away from his room and towards Maester Pycelle's room, he nods to the

Grand Maester before personally attaching the parchment to a raven's foot and letting it free.

He reaches his room to find it empty, the book was back on the shelf and a note on his desk details that his sister had gone to play with Tommen and his cat, a knock on his solar door gains his attention, the visitor gains his attention even more so.

"So you've finally come to see me then?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>New chapter, hope you all enjoyed and like always please review and point out what mistakes I've made.<strong>

\*\*I really don't like how I've done the last quarter of this chapter and I might go back and edit it at some point.\*\*

\*\*I also want to know if people are liking the sex in the story, I've only written sex scenes once or twice before this story, and I am wondering if people like it, if not then I will continue to work on it, for those that do like it and are going to worry that it'll go if others don't, do not worry the lemon scenes will not be leaving this story. \*\*

#### 4. Story Update

Hey,

Just letting you all know that the earliest the next chapter will be out is Monday the latest will be next Sunday, I am so very sorry for this delay.

The reason for this delay is being ill for most of the week starting from last Sunday and I have also been given a job that I will be taking up one of my days off from college maybe two depending on if they need staff.

I promise that this story will continue and I plan on making the next Chapter 10,000 words long, maybe slightly more, I have started the next chapter so it will be out.

More plans for the future will be as soon as I finish college in two months or so I will be working three days a week leaving me four days to do as I wish this will be focusing on this story which I love writing, it will also give me time to revise and redo 'Of Dragons and Wolves' for those interested in that story.

Thanks for your patience.

I love you all!

End  
file.